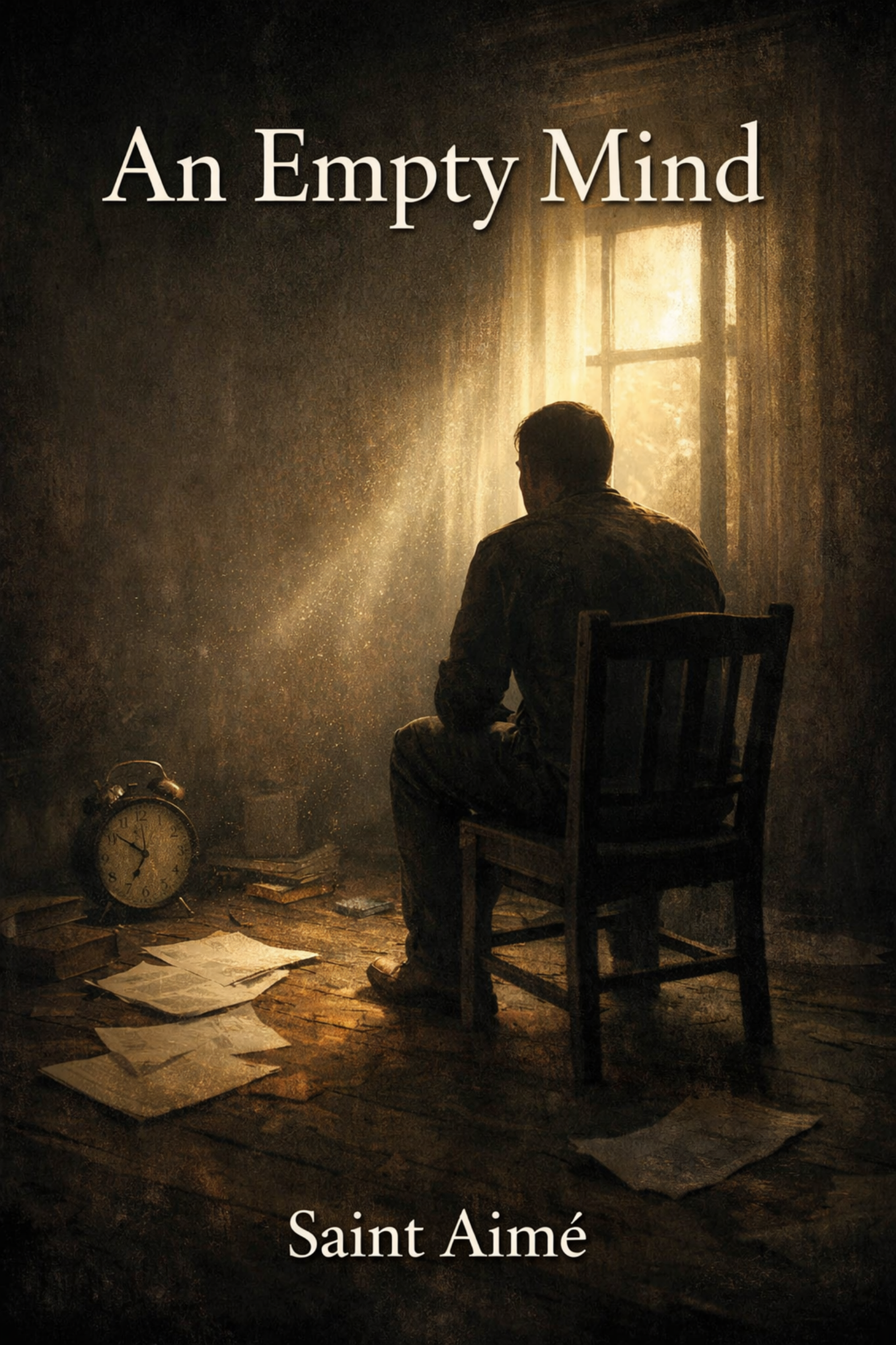
An Empty Mind



Saint Aimé

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ong legs, big heads visible, they sit and wait, arms outstretched,
as if luck flows like a wave, as if it returns like a spring rain in a dream.

Dreams flow like spring leaves,
yet they do nothing, they are still sad.

The seeds of ideas lie on the dry ground,
plans unmade, work in vain.
Doors stand open, hours run fast,
but they only watch, letting luck pass them by.

The empty mind is a silent thief,
stealing hours, hopes, and faith.
No work, no direction, nothing to see -
it just goes back into the wind